Sometimes my needle stops with half-drawn (Not often, though, each moment's wash

g stitches leave the little month I look down on the dingy court below. tuft of grass is all it has to show-

A broken pump, where thirsty children go.

Above, there shines a bit of sky, so small

That it might be a passing bluebird's wing.

One tree leans up against the high brick wall And there the sparrows twitter of the spring Until they waken in my heart a cry Of hunger, that no bread can satisfy.

Always before, when May-time took her way Across the fields, I followed close. To-day I can but dream of all her bright array. My work drops down. Across the sill I lean, And long with bitter longing for unseen ned paths, where budding

grow green. The water trickles from the pump below Upon the stones. With eyes haif shut, I health falling in a pool where rushes grow. And feel a cooling presence drawing near. and now the sparrows chirp again. No, hark! A singing as of some far meadow lark!

It is the same old miracle applied Unto myself, that on the mountain side The few small loaves and fishes multiplied. old, how strange and sweet the mystery! The birds, the broken pump, the gnarled tree Have brought the fullness of the spring to me For in the leaves that rustle by the wall, All forests find a tongue. And so that grass Can with its struggling tuft of green recall Wide bloom-filled meadows where the cattle

pass. How it can be, but dimly I divine. These crumbs, God-given, make the whole loaf

-Annie Fellows-Johnston, in Youth's Com

A LESSON FOR TOM.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



along, I say!" Tom was driving sunshine. the cows from the barnyard of the lived in the city and things in the country had the charm of novelty to him.

It was in the early morning, and everything breathed the freshness of the new day. The grass and daisies along the road were birds sang in the trees and the air was cool and sweet. Pleasant things would make the day pass agreeably to

You would suppose Tom might be in a good humor with himself and all the world? Perhaps he was, but that did not prevent him picking up a stone and hurling it with cruel force at old Brindle, who led the small herd.

"Hurry up, you old slowfoot!" With whacks and blows from a heavy switch he hurried all the gentle animals into a trot, wisely, however, allowing it to subside before they came

within sight of the farmyard. Carlo, the house dog, lay on a back porch at some distance from the yard. Before letting down the bars Tom took a shooter from his pocket. He was proud of his aim. More than one bird

had felt the sting of it. A howl from Carlo showed that Tom's skill justified his opinion of it. The poor dog sprang up, and, with a ure. The most of them are gentle and quick glance about him, ran around

the house out of sight. It was too good not to be repeated. On the ridge pole of a shed near were half a dozen fine white brahmas, trimming their feathers, with quiet cackles,

as if expressing to each other their approval of the day's outlook. Snat-again went the gun. With a squawk one of the hens fell over. while the others dispersed, with cack-

les now disturbed and excited. All this while the cows were leisurely coming up to the bars. Tom let them down, and impatiently waited while

they passed through. "Hellow, old Sawdust! Want a bite of grass?" His grandfather's horse was tied to

the fence waiting for the old gentleman to take his usual leisurely morning | want to." ride about the farm. Quick as a flash Tom had gathered a

aandful of grass which he held out to



him. Sawdust sniffed at it, then, in the dainty manner of his kind, opened

But all relish for the morsel was lost in the prick of the thistle hidden in the deceptive treat. Sawdust drew violently back and reared, breaking his hitching strap-not by any means a new one, but considered all-sufficient for a horse of his always staid de-

There was a sudden disturbance among the cows as Sawdust careered about the barnyard as if possessed with the idea that he had gone back to the

stable and sezed the bit of broken strap hanging to his neck in time to prevent any mischief being done. As Mike, while leading the horse to the barn for another strap, looked keenly about as if in search of a cause for the

and made his way in to breakfast. was feeding the pretty fowls gathered

She stooped and set it on its feet, but

it fell over again. "Looks as if its leg was broke, poor thing!" said Susan, with a sorrowful shake of her head.

Tom at once recognized it for the hen which had played the part of target for one of his fine shots. He passed on to the yard where Mike was now milking the cows.

They became restless at his approach, quietly moving out of his way as he drew near them. "I don't believe I'd like to milk," he

observed to Mike, standing near to watch him.

"Wouldn't ye?" said Mike, a little sourly. "No. I'm going to be a farmer, though. I like it on a farm. I'm going to have a farm of my own, with all kinds of fine stock."

"God be pityin' 'em-the poor innocent craythers!" said Mike. Tom laughed. As he talked he had been on the side away from Mike teasing with a sharp-pointed switch the

cow he was milking. "Look out, thin! Aisy, Brindle!" cried Mike, as Tom gave a harder

But Brindle had quickly raised her hind foot, and as the words left Mike's mouth his well-filled milk pail went

With an angry howl Mike sprang up, rushed towards Tom and seized him by the collar.

"Will ye be lettin' the craythers alone, ye limb of evil? Coom this way wid ye! No, it's niver gettin' away vou'll be!"

"Mike, you let go me!" roared Tom, striving with all his might to free himself from the angry grasp.

But Mike, strong with long-pent-up indignation, only tightened his hold on Tom's arm, and, with more rapid movements than had ever before been seen in the hired man, dragged him from the stable yard, through the O ON, there, you kitchen garden and over a grassy plat lazy brute! Move to the side porch on which Grandfather Camp was enjoying the morning

"An' is it yerself, sur, 'll be keepin' pasture to be this bit of a torment-this coward-out milked in the o'the shtable yard-"

"You'd better call me a coward!" exfarm. He liked claimed Tom, doubling up his fists as the crust," remarked grandfather, as to do it, for he Mike at length let go his hold of him. "It's coward ye are," went on Mike, in great excitement. "It's every dumb beast about the farrum, sur, that he's wearyin' the heart out of wid his par- a little bit! It needn't count at all." secutin'. A-h-h-h-" shaking his fist at Tom-"did ve think it's mesilf wasn't seein' ye-from the barn window-tormentin' the horse an' shootin' the poor hin? They all know the finishing with some early ripening bright with the drops of dew, the weight of his ugly hand, sur. It's a apples.

coward tin times he is." "Grandfather," said Tom, shaking were all about Tom as he drove his with rage, "will you make thatcows. A good breaktast awaited him, Paddy-beg my pardon, and turn him away? How dare he call me names? "Well," said grandfather, quietly, "if by coward Mike means a person guilty of cruelty to things smaller and weaker than himself, or in any way in his power, I am afraid he has chosen

the right name for you." There was a grave, even rather severe, look on his face. Tom quieted down and began to feel a little ashamed of himself.

"There's no use making a fuss about a little fun." "I am sorry, my boy, that you can find fun in the suffering of dumb

creatures." "Suffering!" said Tom, impatiently. "Yes, suffering. Fright and annoy ance and pain are suffering. I don't think you will do for a farmer, Tom. Farmers are constantly in contact with the creatures the Lord has made. He made them for our use and our pleassubmissive to us. They love us, and are glad of the sound of our voice and

the touch of our hand." "There isn't a crayther on the place that won't shy or rin at the sight of him," put in Mike, who, very fond himself of the creatures under his care, was greatly enjoying the rebuke to

"You may go and finish your milking, Mike," said grandfather. "You see, Tom," he continued, "if it were not a question of Christlike kindness to the helpless, it becomes one of fair dealing, we being in everything

so dependent upon them." "I'm not dependent upon animals," said Tom, shortly, having been again angered oy Mike's remark. "At least

"You think so?" said grandfather, with a smile.

"Yes, sir, I do. I know there's lots of things we get from animals, but there's lots of things we don't. I'm willing to stick to the things we don't -just for the sake of argument!" This Tom thought sounded finely. "I'll try for a day, anyway.

"I see, sir," he went on, smiling back at his grandfather, "you're thinking I'd better be taking off these clothes, seeing that it was a sheep that gave them to me. I can. It's a warm day. I was just going to put on my

duck suit." Accordingly, ten minutes later, the small boy who was going to spend the from his face. day without animal help appeared before his grandfather in his cotton on at you all day, haven't I? Well,

clothing. "Shoes?" asked grandfather. "Oh, sure enough! Leather's made

of skins. I learned that long ago, Any boy can. It's fun-here in the will see how they depend on us for country. Tom wandered about, keeping him-

self clear of the animals, for which they surely had reason to congratulate themselves. Tom was not a bad bovnot even a cruel one, as boys go. He was simply rather selfish, thoughtless and fun-loving, and had not been taught to consider whether his fun was a source of pain to other things or

He spent some time working in garden bed which had been placed in his care. Tiring of this, he cast about | wurruld over." for other means of amusement. "I'll go fishing."

"grandfather would say that had something to do with animals. I'm going to stick by what I said." Going to the well tor a drnik of cool water, he heard Barbara calling him

from the spring house. "Don't you want a drink of butter milk? It's cool and good." "Yes, I do. You know what I like

Rarbara." But, as he held the glass in his hand, e remembered. "Pshaw! It's those old cows give it.

Fron County Register hen," pointing to one which lay on the No, thank you, Barbara; I won't drink any now."

He even denied himself the pleasure of hunting eggs in the great barn. "Who's going to the post office this morning?" asked grandfather, coming into the back yard. "This is mail

"I will go, grandfather," said Tom, briskly. "I'll get out the pony." It was one of his most highly prized treats to ride the mile and a half to the small village. He turned towards the

stable to ask Mike to catch the pony for him, then stopped. "I won't ask him. And, anyway, that counts in what I'm not going to do. I'll walk. I'm not dependent on a pony -just as I said."

and was glad to find dinner ready on his return. "Mutton? Why, mutton's sheep, ist't it?" asked Tom, who had caught a quizzical look from his grandfather as

He found the walk a long, hot one,

his uncle passed him a well-filled plate. How good that roast mutton smelled! How tempting to a hungry boy! But Tom heroically handed back the plate. "I'm not eating meat to-day, thank you," he said. "Potatoes and bread and beans are good enough for me."

think?" said grandfather, as Barbara brought a plate of hot rolls. "Yes," said Barbara. "I always mix

"But the bread is made with milk. I

my bread with milk." "What of it, poor boy!" said grandmother, who had heard that Tom was trying. "Don't mind it, dear-it's all nonsense. Do help the child to a good dinner."

"No, thank you, grandmother," said Tom, stoutly. "I s'pose I may eat some crackers."

"The beans are dressed with milk and butter," suggested grandfather, in spite of shakes of the head from grandmother.

The crackers, with which Tom longed for a glass of milk instead of water, and the baked potatoes with salt, made a poor dinner, he thought. But he comforted himself with anticipations of the juicy berry pie which was to follow. Grandmother was a person who believed in two pieces of pie-and, for a boy, had even been known to insist on three.

"We ought to have told Barbara to make a pie for you without butter in the pie was placed before grandmother.

"Now, grandfather, I'm ashamed of you!" exclaimed grandmother. "Such "Never mind, grandmother," said Tom, trying to look indifferent. " can eat some berries just as well." He hunted for berries in the garden,

He spent a part of the afternoon in



HE FOUND THE WALK A HOT ONE.

longing to join the men as they worked, to be permitted to drive horses at the threshing machine or in the harvest fields.

"Grandfather 'd laugh," he assured himself. "Why, even the lines are made of leather-and the whip."

"I sha'n't go to supper," said Tom, feeling a little more discouraged and at outs with all the world than he was willing to admit. "Bread and butter and milk, and cottage cheese and cold meat. And, of course, there would be something in the gingerbread."

He was tired and hungry as evening closed in. His feet burned and smarted with the unusual contact with gravel and stubble. In the twilight he drew near as grandfather, on the side porch, I won't be. I needn't be if I don't played on a violin. Tom always liked to hear it.

"Hair," said grandfather, holding up the bow; "and catgut." he added, with a smile, drawing it over the strings. Tom ran up to his room and in five

minutes was in bed. "Well, I've made out my day," he said to himself. But there was a step at his door. A tap, and grandfather opened it.

"How's this-for a boy who declares independence of all animals? A hair bed and a feather pillow!" Tom sat up in bed. "Grandfather," he said, "when are

you going to let up on me?" Grandfather sat beside him on the bed. The quizzical smile was gone

"My dear boy," he said, "I've kept I've done now. A boy of your good sense must by this time see how the good Lord meant us to depend on the creatures which, one way or another, though I never could imagine how are among His best earthly gifts to us. they did it. Well, I can go barefoot. Likewise, a boy of your good heart

> kind and gentle treatment." "I see, grandfather," said Tom, earnestly. "I'm going to make friends with them after this, instead of tormenting them."

"Yes," remarked grandfather. "Then think you'd better slip on your clothes-the woolen ones-and go down to the dining-room. You'll find your supper there, with a pitcher of the evening's milk, which Mike brought as a token of forgiveness, observing: ""Sure, it's b'ys will be b'ys all the

"But b'ys may be decent b'ys," said Tom to himself as he drank the milk

-An old tenant farmer, on paying his rent, told his landlord that he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer for the purpose. "No!" said the landlord, sharply. "Well, then, sir," the farmer went on, "will you give me enough to build a barn?" "No." "To make a gate, then?" "Yes." "That's all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-The six cittes in Japan having more than 100,000 inhabitants are: Tokyo, 1,278,151; Osaka, 485,331; Kioto, 316,292; Nagoya, 188.861; Kobe, 153,280; Yokohama, 152,395. The population of these cities has increased 140,000 in three

years. -The wealth which George Peabody left for the poor of London in the shape of model tenements now amounts to \$5,500,000. Twenty thousand people now live comfortably in the 11,300 rooms he reconstructed. The average rental of the rooms is but 54 cents a week.

-Near Belgrade recently the custom-

house officers seized a large quantity

of human bones consigned to a bone-

boiling establishment near Vienna. They turned out to be the bones of Russian and Turkish soldiers who died in the war of 1778. The importers were heavily fined. the Andes are slowly sinking. Ecuador's capital has sunk seventy-six feet in 122 years. Antisana's farm, the highest inhabited spot of the Andes

est city on the globe) is 218 feet lower than it was in 1745. -Achmed Wotelegel, the merchant who helped Slatin Pasha to escape, on returned to Omdurman, was hanged by order of the kalipha. He was betrayed by Slatin's servants, who were tortured till they confessed that he was the last person in communication with their master before his flight.

(4,000 feet higher than Quitot, he high-

-Greek coins brought high prices at Lord Ashburnham's sale in the early part of May. A Sicilian silver tetradrachm of 415 B. C. was sold for \$1,080; a tetradrachm of Segesta, 480 B. C., for \$835; a silver stater of Stymphalus, 400 B. C., for \$655; a gold stater of Taren- life. She must share in the intellectual tum for \$875, and one of Philip II. of Macedon for \$310.

-Some interesting data have been obtained recently concerning accidents to road traffic in the busiest thoroughfare of London. In a single day, from child to obey the commandment to 8 a. m. to 8 p. m., some 12,366 horses honor his parents. There are a great and vehicles passed along Cheapside and 5,350 along Cannon street. During filling worthy places in the world's fifty days' observation it was found that 542 accidents took place on wood children as mere adjuncts to thempavement, 719 on granite and 1,066 on selves. They appear to think that the asphalt.

-The result of meteorological tests cording to the letter of the law entitles with balloons at immense heights is them to endless honor and gratitude. announced from Bremen. One balloon, Such parents are likely to be disapcarrying self-registering instruments, pointed. They have done no more than reached a height of twelve miles. The the brute mother, who provides for her thermometer could not register the offspring until it is able to take care of temperature, 67 deg. below zero being itself and asks no reward but the gratmarked at a lower height. Many tests ification of maternal instinct. The hushow that the temperatere sinks grad- man parent for what is practically the ually up to two and a half miles. Above same thing demands the slavish devo that the fall is much more rapid.

Titicaca were in the same condition parents in a higher sense than that of work of modern times. The antiquity mothers imagine their daughters are Egypt.

LONDON'S SEVEN DIALS.

the Name Identified with Crime and May Be Changed.

The Seven Dials were never notable for anything worse than thieves, dealers in live animals, old clothes and theatrical "properties, and publishers of the Catnatch literature, for specimens of which collectors are now willing to pay such high prices. The opening up of the radiating streets has long rendered the neighborhood as harmless to the pedestrian as the once equally notorious Gray's Inn road. Yet middle-aged Londoners have no difficulty in recalling when they had to keep a sharp outlook in running the gauntlet of Little St. Andrew's street and its sisters after nightfall. How it drifted into being the dens of the criminal classes it is hard to say. For originally-so Evelyn tells us-the Seven Dials, thus named from the clock faces on a Doric pillar at the point where seven streets meet, was intended as the residence of highly-respectable people who liked to be near the fashionable coffee houses in Covent garden, the court in Whitehall and the gay world which then centered in Bow street and Drury lane. At first, indeed, the locality was called the Seven streets, though in 1708 only four of them had been actually built on the ground known as the Cock and Pie Fields, surrounded by a fetid ditch, which emptied into the Thames. The houses were "after the Venetian style," just then introduced by a Mr. Neale, who made a fortune in lottery speculation. For many years its neighborhood maintained its gentility, and was, indeed, regarded as quite a triumph in architecture. In Gay's Trivia it is referred to as "Seven streets' Seven Dials count their day, and from each other catch the circling ray," though, as a matter of fact, the dial pillar had but six faces, two of the seven streets open-

ing into one angle. A curious legend getting into vogue to the effect that a great treasure was sole her, but told her to go to her buried under the column, it was removed in June, 1774, and never replaced. Some fifty years afterward it and the dials were bought of a stonemason, who had in some way become possessed of them, and, with the addition, of a ducal coronet, were set up on | to a frying pan, and when the fat is Weybridge green as a memorial to the duchess of York. Until very recently ning of the century the Seven Dials fine brown color, stirring frequently. had begun to share in the general Then add about one-fourth of a pound squalor of St. Giles', and less than fifty of turnips, cut in pieces, and three years ago it was a collection of rook- large stalks of celery cut fine, and eries at which modern sanitarians stir for ten minutes, then pour all inwould stand aghast. Whole families to a large soup kettle with one quart lived in cellars, as an eye-witness de- of cold water and let it come to a boil. scribed them, "like cells in a convent! Then add five quarts of boiling water is right. He thinks he has found out ions of a rope." The inmates simmer for five hours, skimming it ocdescended into these underground casionally. Then season it to taste, warrens by means of trap-ladders, and serve. - Good Housekeeping. and at intervals came up to breathe, disappearing with amazing alacrity when a constable or a Bow street runner happened to come with- take your family this summer? in their limited perview. Beggars' lodging houses and "thieves' kitchens" were frequent, and were rather at one of the fashionable hotels, or encouraged by the police, for the con-venience they afforded the latter of buy a New Hampshire farm.—Somer-being able to lay hands upon any par-, ville Journal.

ticular individual when wanted. Men about town used to form parties to visit these haunts. The regent and Maj. Hanger are said to have attended a carnival in the seven dials, but wished they had abandoned their adventure when "that 'ere gemman with a shirt" was called on for a song. The prince (thus designated), finding it impossible to escape altogether, persuaded his friend to chant. "The Beggars' Wedding," and left, after adding one more memory to the locality, which, it is hoped, is conscious of the distinction intended for it in the suggestion to rename it St. Andrew's circus.-London Standard.

DUTIES OF PARENTS.

uable Suggestions Rega Treatment of Children.

That mother is fortunate who is en abled by quick intuition to read aright the disposition of her children and -La Gazette Geographique says that guide them with never-failing tact from the shoals in their path. Such a mother holds the respect as well as the love of her children her lifetime. Though they have risen to high places and she pursues what are lowly ways in the world's esteem, they still go back to her with the same delight with which in childhood they came home from school. She is the one mentor who has touched the secret springs of their nature, and with whom there is rest from all the conflict, turmoil and jealousy of the world. It is this type of mother, ever ready to sacrifice herself to the interest of her child, yet ever commanding its revence and respect, which represents the ideal motherhood which is revered by all. No woman who has children to rear

can afford to become a drudge, merely to care for their food and clothing, and take no thought for the better part of and spiritual growth of her children in order to keep apace with them. It is just as much the parents' duty to live in such a way that their children will honor them as it is the duty of the many parents, worthy people, ofttimes esteem, who seem to look upon their fulfillment of their responsibilities action of a life. Only so far as mothers -The ruins on the shores of Lake and fathers become noble exemplars, when visited by Pizarro as they are to- earthly parentage, can they expect the day. They consist of immense earth | honor of their children. Little is said nids, faced with stone and sur- of the duties of parents, while much | ing the rounded by Cyclopean walls. There is written and preached of the duties gown in fabare many monoliths, strikingly sug- of children. The mother who makes ric, is added gestive of Stonehenge in England, some her daughter a sort of menial to wait to very of these giant stones being fourteen upon her whims, equally with the feet high by four feet broad and three mother who becomes a drudge to feet thick. The stone cutting and gratify the selfish impulses of her tumes of polishing are said to equal the best child, is to be condemned. Such of these works is merely conjectural. ungrateful if they fail to honor and It is believed they were in the ruins respect them. Natural love is all that when the Incas conquered Peru, and can be given to such a mother, and some antiquarians assign a possible sometimes pity. To the mother who date that would make them the rivals is her daughter's noblest friend and in age of the oldest monuments of dearest confidant is given that honor that neither slave nor taskmaster can command. It seems inexplicable that a mother should consent to become either the one or the other .- N. Y. Tribune.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

How Some Persons Make Pastoral Work Burden to Their Pastors. Several well-known clergymen this city were chatting together at the close of a ministerial gathering a few days ago, when one of them remarked that one of the hardest things he had to contend with in his work as a pastor was the disposition of many members of his church to borrow trouble. "I can nearly always find some way to comfort persons suffering from present troubles," said the minister, "but I am always discouraged when I find a parishioner worrying over some anticipated trouble that will probably never materialize."

"This is my experience, too," remarked another of the group, "and I had an amusing example of it in my house not long ago. I went into my study after breakfast one morning, and was astonished to find one of the servants sitting on the floor in front of the grate fire, crying and moaning as if her heart would break. " 'Why, Mary,' 'what in the world is the matter with you?" "'Oh, sir,' she answered, 'I got to thinking, sir-boo hoo!-that suppose I should get married, sir-boo hoo!-

and should have a fine baby boy, sirboo hoo!-and he should grow big enough to walk, sir-boo hoo! and he should get in front of a fire like this, sir-boo hoo hoo!-and should fall into it and be burned to death, sir. whatever would I do sir, and how would I feel, sir,' and then the tears and wails came so fast she couldn't speak at all.

"Now," continued the minister. "how could I comfort a person who borrowed trouble like that? I certainly couldn't do it by trying to convince the girl she would never be married, and so I simply made no effort to conroom and stay there until she had recovered her lost wits."-N. Y. Herald. English Economical Soup. Take two large tablespoonfuls of the

dripping from a beef roast and put inhot put in half a pound of lean meat, cut in small square pieces, and two -if it does not do so still-the dial large onions sliced thin; add a tablestone formed a stepping stone at an spoonful of brown sugar, and fry unadjoining inn. But before the begin- till the contents of the pan are of a

Wiggles-Where are you going Waggles-Well, I haven't decided FASHION LETTER.

Special New York Corre

est Styles for the Sq

Shorter and still more fancy in effect grow the outside jackets intended to be worn over either thin summer ses, or chemisettes without alec These light wraps are invariably made of cloth but in a great variety of col. ors. They are fitted very snugly to the figure, with the shortest kind of undulated basques and with immense mutton leg sleeves that are out of all aort of proportion to the jacket itself. These are the chief features. For the rest they vary considerably. Some have yoke effects over the shoulders both back and front, others are double breasted and have straight turn-down collars faced with velvet. There is again the short jacket opened to thd waist, turned back with shawl-shapes lapels faced with facille of the same color as the cloth and worn over pique waistcoat. Wine, mauve, the lightest shades of blue, pale green with white moire trimmings, yellow and modore, are among the new colors in jackets, and a party of fashionably

dressed young ladies now presents a very gay and kalcidoscopic effect of color wherever they happen to become grouped. The loose front on new toilets, the drooping effect and the wide box-plait have been the cause of much comment, but Paquin, the bestknown of the French designers, is responsible for it. He insists that the most ungrace-

ful portion of a woman's figure s from half way down the immediate front of her waist to her belt. He raves over the soft blouse effect as he says it reveals the curves of the figure at each side. Paquin, the French couturier, who also brought the extremely full skirts into vogue, now uses only the four and one-half and five-yard models with close fitting tops, and he has also given up all use of curvalette bands or single steel hoops around the edge of the skirt.

Dresses of grass linen, and of ecru batiste form a part of summer outfits for young women. They are made up without linings to wear over a silk. lawn or satin slip. Many of the summer waists hook in the back, and have a full front drooping slightly on the belt. A

dressy little cape matchmany of the summer cossilk, crepon, linen and the host of tons. Charming but inexpensive dresses of gandy and

the like are made with a long slender bodice fitted as closely as a jersey, reaching well over the hips and fastened up the back. This bodice is elaborately trimmed and sleeves of great size are added The skirt portion is either kilted or shirred to the lower edge of the bodice. and has merely a very wide hem at the bottom. Toilets of ecru batiste are made with a yoke waist likewise fastened to the back, as are many of the bodices of the season designed for both day and evening wear. The bastle tis trimmed either with broad black velvet ribbon overlaid with slightly narrower bands of ecru lace insertion, or with insertion and frills of lace alone. As the season advances the taste seems to increase for Norfolk and

other plaited waists a fashion extremely becoming to slender figures. and since the and laid lengthwise from shoulder and chin to belt, they are not objectionable to those who are larger, provided they are not large short waisted. These plaits are seen in various me

terials, and are usually box plaits spread series of finer ones with bands or insertions between. The round, belted waists are in three plaits alike front and back, sometimes below a yoke, or else there is a gathered waist with lengthwise bands of velvet ribbon, lace insertion or passementerie simulating such plaits. Pink, blue, tan and eers linens will rival the duck and Teviot

suitings in fashionable favor. KATE DUNBAM.

PERSONALS PICKED ABROAD. PRESIDENT FAURE is the first of the French presidents with sufficient com-

mand of English to speak it fluently.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE and Jean

Ingelow celebrate their seventy-fifth

birthday this year. Each lives in Lon-

don, Miss Nightingale in the West end and Miss Ingelow in Kensington. THE king of Dahomey was educated n France and speaks French fluently. The story goes that he became a savage because of certain disappointments in

a love affair. ST. PATRICK was an Englishman, if Dr. Nicholson, of the Bodleian library, from the tripartite life of the saint tha he was born at Daventry, near North-

H. M. STANLEY recently made a queer suggestion for raising money for a children's hospital in which he was interested. As African mothers are frequently glad to get rid of their be he proposed that a wagon load of black babies should be procured and ex-hibited in the streets of fashionable

Paper stockings, in varid hues, are worn in China.

PITH AND POINT.

-Prayers are sometimes made in shurch that the devil would be willing to take off his cont and help answer

—"Mary, how was it I saw you treat-ing your friends to my cake and fruit?" Mary—"I can't tell, ma'am, for the leife of me, for I'm shure I covered the key-

hole."-Chicago Tribune. —A contemporary contains an advisement of a dog for sale. Among to good points of the animal are these:
"He will est anything, and is very fond
of children."—Household Words.

-Guest-"I would like a nice re steak, rare done, and some fresh fried potatoes." Waiter (in stentorian voice -- "Carnage in the skillet! Fried Pin grees on the side!"—Chicago Tribune -His Rule.-"Yes," said Rev. Dr. Goodman, "I always endeavor to write my sermons so that they can be understood and appreciated by even the dullest intellect. Before delivering them in public, I invariably recite them to myself."—N. Y. Herald.

his answer yesterday. It was a small red card on which was neatly printed: "Mail both to San Francisco."—Somerville Journal. -Wooing Time.-Weazer-"I lost a

lot of time courting my wife." Beaser
-"How was that?" Weaser-"Well, I monkeyed around about a year be I popped, and then found out I could have had her about the second week after we got acquainted."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

country editor)—"That was a very handsome notice you gave me in this week's paper, Shears, and I called into-" Country Editor-"Er-to subscribe for a year?" Citizen"N-no, to see if you had an old copy lying about anywhere."-Siftings.

-"Papa," said Jennie, climbing upon her father's knee, "don't you think that 'stead o' ten cents a we you could give me fifteen?" "Well I don't know, my dear," was the answer. "What do you want of the extra five cents?" "I thought my dollie was old enough to have a lowance and I want to give it to her."-Harper's Round Table.

girl in Gorham, on first discovering the electric lights, and seeing the moon at the same time, propounded this conun-drum: "Mamma, does God know that we got electric lights?" "Yes," replied the mother. "He must know it, because He knows everything." "Then, mamma, why don't He take in the moon?"-Portland Press. -A good story is told of two old la-

husband-"Oh, Charlie, the cook got angry this morning and left, bag and

baggage. What are we going to do?" Mr. Younghusband—"Why, my love, I thought you attended cooking school plishment."-Burlington Free Press.

give you five dollars," said the other. The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted. "Stranger," said he, "I sin't a-goin to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yourn."

A QUEER EPIDEMIC.

In the prohibition state of Kansas all the drug-stores which have permits to sell intoxicating liquors are obliged by law to fill out certain printed applications, stating the amount and kind of liquor purchased by each customer, and also the particular malady for plaits are flat, which the liquor is bought. In many cities the drug-stores have taken advantage of their permits to sell to the public for drinking purposes, practical-

ly turning the stores into saloons A recent temperance crusade result-ed in the conviction of several drug-gists who had violated the law. Several witnesses were called upon to tes-tify as to the circumstances attending the sale of intoxicants. The county attorney put the following questi

"You bought three bottles of beer on "Yes, sir."

"I did."

The next witness testified to having bought half a pint of whisky at the same store.

"And what was your disease?" asked the attorney.
"General debility." A third witness swore that he bought

at the same place a pint of brandy.

A titter went around the court-room,

was an infallible remedy!"

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats.— Youth's Companion.

is sometimes found. The acute, generally presenting dropsical symptoms, with paralytic weakness and numbress of the legs. It prevails chiefly in India. In 1879 the total number of such patients in India. counted to nine the hundred and seventy-three. Some say that in this disease there is scurry from the first.—Boston Journal.

—Sure Enough.—The man who sent five dollars last week in answer an ad-vertisement promising to tell how to make one dollar go as far as five, got

-A Grateful Citizen.-Citizen (to

-A Question of Cosmology.-A little

dies, who were talking about the churches. One said: "What is the difference between all these denomithe other, "the Methodists, they go down in the gutter and pulls them up; the Baptists, they washes them; and the Congregationalists, they starches them."—Portland Express. -The Modern Idea.-Mrs. Young-

for seven months?" Mrs. Younghus-band—"So I did, dear, but that was merely to learn cooking as an accom--One time on the Texas frontier a man came into a camp riding an old mule. "How much for the mule?" asked a bystander. "Jist a hundred dollars," answered the rider. "Till

General Debility Had Taken Hold on the

"You say you bought this liquor for medicinal purposes?

"State to the court and jury the par-ticular disease that required three bot-tles of beer as a medicine." "General debility."

"State to the court the particular malady that required the taking of a pint of brandy," said the prosecuting "General debility," replied the wit-

and the county attorney, facing the jury, said gravely: "Gentlemen of the jury, this is the first time I ever knew that 'general debility' was an epidemic, and that either beer, whisky or brandy

sound. The word is Cingales, from the property of the property

his lips for a taste.

days of his colthood. Mike, the hired man, ran out of the

disturbance, Tom quietly disappeared Half an hour later he again walked towards the farm-yard, passing the chicken-house, where Susan, the maid.